

Weekend

Futuristic

See you on a Sunday, drop you off on Monday
Talk to you on Tuesday, I miss you, babe
Getting over hump day, throw it back on Thursday
Trip with you on Friday, Saturday

Girl, you get me weak when I split my weed with you
Girl, you get me weak when I spend my week with you

What's new for the day? Maneuver the play, I want you right now
If you wanna stay then you can stay, laying you down
Drop you off at work, let you do your dirt, make a lose scratch get a quick break
I had you yearning like a mixtape, girl, you been saved
You don't lift weights but I'll get you in shape
Give you butterflies like I'm in the 6th grade
If you ever sad I'mma fix your face
If you ever mad I'mma kiss your face
The simple things that you need, long day finished out with a drink
I want this to be more than a weekend, I ain't leaving

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Yo, and seven days ain't enough
Swear that if I wasn't black I'd prolly blush
You laughing but I'm serious the way that I've been thinking ain't no me and you it turn into a 'us'
Blossom from a crush like a tulip do in the spring
Swear you got me fallin' like hoola-hoops by your knees
I wrote a song, more like a poem on a beat
Bout my feelings in this moment, hope you put it on repeat
And sing along like (ooh-hoo), won't do you wrong like (ooh-hoo)
You finna sound like (ooh-hoo)
And I can picture you smilin' when you listen to it
You see, my love come with a purpose and intentions to it
Down the aisle by our family and our friends will do it
Yeah, when we pass there will be a stone with an inscription to it
"Seven days a week for eternity, yeah, I'll be with you through it"

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